

TERMS OF DAVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at one dollar per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

1 square, (TEN LINES) one year.....\$10 00
 2 squares one year..... 15 00
 3 squares one year..... 18 00
 For one half of a column..... 25 00
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 2 squares three months..... 8 00
 3 squares three months..... 10 00

THE HOME JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEO. E. PURVIS AND WM. J. SLATTER, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., FEBRUARY 6, 1857.

NUMBER 5.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.
 WITHIN SIX MONTHS.....\$5 00
 TWELVE MONTHS..... 10 00

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.
 3 copies \$5 00; 10 copies \$15 00;
 5 copies 8 00; 15 copies 20 00.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

BLANKS OF EVERY KIND.
 PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS,
 CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS,
 FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS,
 BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

The Home Journal.

LEWIS METCALFE,
 GEORGE E. PURVIS, } Editors.

Sent Free of Postage in Franklin County.

WINCHESTER:
 FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 6, 1857.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We give place to the following merited compliment, paid to our talented fellow-townsmen, PETER TURNEY, Esq., with great pleasure. We doubt not it will be read with interest.

WINCHESTER, Jan. 31, '57.

PETER TURNEY, Esq.

Dear Sir:—At the request of a portion of your fellow-citizens, upon us devolves the pleasant duty of presenting herewith a Silver Cup, bearing this inscription:

PRESENTED

TO
 PETER TURNEY, ESQ.,
 by a portion of his fellow-citizens of
 FRANKLIN COUNTY.

A mark of their appreciation of his successful efforts
 in causing the removal of free negroes
 from the County.

JANUARY, 1857.

The services rendered by you, which have called forth this mark of appreciation, will be held in grateful remembrance by your fellow-citizens, and afford an additional evidence of the zeal which you display in enterprises having for their object the public good.

With the best wishes for your prosperity and happiness, we are

Your obedient servants,

J. FRIZZELL,
 B. F. McGEHEE.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 2, '57.

Messrs. J. FRIZZELL & B. F. McGEHEE.

Gentlemen:—I have received your letter of the 31st ult., accompanied with a handsome and handsomely inscribed Silver Cup, as a present from a portion of the citizens of Franklin County. Allow me to return to you, and through you to the people of Franklin, my heartfelt acknowledgements for the high compliment which you and they have seen proper to pay me. The services (if any) which I have rendered, were undertaken under the conviction that the consummation of the object would be nothing more than a discharge of a duty to myself and the people amongst whom I have the pleasure and good fortune to live, and a knowledge that my course met the approbation of my fellow-citizens, was to me full and satisfactory compensation for all that I have done or will do. In reviewing the result of the undertaking to remove the free negroes from our midst, we must not be unmindful of the great aid afforded us by the Mayor and Aldermen of the town of Winchester, and by the County Court of Franklin County. It was in a meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen that the project originated. There the matter was first discussed and set on foot—that body consisting of nine men—thinking and acting as one man—no one being afraid to take upon himself the responsibility of the measures adopted for the perfection of their purposes; and then when we come to the County Court, we find that body calmly and dispassionately investigating the question and standing as they should do, and sustaining us most triumphantly.

In our (as I conceive) most laudable undertaking, we have, at times, met some opposition—that opposition has been and still is rapidly wearing away, and all that we now have to do is to stand firm as we are—prosecute the matter with energy—[d] we may promise ourselves to be, in a very short time, members of a free and much relieved community, having the pleasant reflection that we were the first who undertook and the first who did remove free negroes.

As to the policy of our course, but a little reflection is, I think, sufficient to satisfy any rational mind. For instance: Our community is a slave-holding one.—Our slaves constitute, in the main, the wealth of our people, and it is to the labor of the slave all classes look for the necessities and luxuries of life. The free negro is of the same race, the same complexion and the same disposition of the slave, and if no other bad consequence could result, we all know that when the

slave sees one of the same kind and disposition of himself acting as his own master, that discontent with the slave is the necessary and unavoidable result. But more: We are all aware that the free negroes in our County live well, and have a controlling disposition to trade and not labor, and we know further that when there were more free negroes with us it took more of everything raised on a farm to answer the need of the farmer, therefore, we are forced to conclude that the slave was induced, by the free negroes, to steal from his master and his master's neighbor, in which thing the non slaveholder was equal loser with the slaveholder, for the slave paid by the free negro to be a thief had no special or particular place or property in view, but worked upon the general idea of stealing—where, when, and from whomsoever he could. We also have evidence of them seducing away and harboring the slave. Again: I suppose there is no doubt that the late insurrectionary excitement which prevailed in our own and other slaveholding States was a consequence of permitting free negroes to remain within the limits of such States. In many instances these movements were headed by free negroes; in others, sustained and supported by them, of which we have ample testimony in the action of several counties in this State to remove free negroes of all classes from amongst them. There are other reasons which I might assign in support of the policy of our course, but it is unnecessary to do so here.

I hope our next Legislature will give us a more rigid and more available law, for the removal of free negroes, than we now have. We should press them to it, give them no rest till they do it, and my prayer is that, in a short time, Tennessee may be able to say she has not a free negro of any class within her borders.

Fearful that I am becoming tedious, I will close by accepting, and assuring you that I highly appreciate the Silver Cup with which it has been yours, and a portion of the people of this County's pleasure to compliment me.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
 P. TURNEY.

THE JOYS OF MATERNITY.

Grace Greenwood, (Mrs. Lippincott) in an address to mothers, in the last number of *The Little Pilgrim*, thus writes: "Since I last addressed you, another year has passed over us—a peaceful and fortunate year to most of you, I trust, yet doubtless bringing to the happiest hearts and homes something of change and sorrow. To me it has brought the most profound and sweet, the most solemn and sacred happiness of womanhood—for within this year I have been joined to the 'great and noble army of mothers.' I am now one of you. Oh, if there is a time when women may feel that she, like Mary of old, is 'blessed among women,' it is when she folds in her arms her first born child—feels the touch of its tender little hands thrill on her heartstrings—feels upon her cheek the first soft breath of a life immortal—sees faintly twinkling in the misty depths of sleepy little eyes a love that shall yet brighten the world for her. This joy unspeakable, this holy triumph of maternity, is Heaven's abundant compensation for all that is suffered by woman—for all that is denied to her. With existence renewed and freshened by the inflowing of this pure rill from the divine fountain of life—with my heart made more tender and loving by the sweet, mysterious influences by which babyhood, mighty in helplessness, and, without speech, most eloquent, comes to us—I feel like consecrating myself anew to the service of such as Jesus took in his arms and blessed—and of you, whom maternity makes kin to her once elected to the highest joy and deepest anguish of mortality,—her whom he most loved and most tenderly remembered in his last hour.

ADVERTISING.—The merchant who does not advertise liberally in the newspaper has been very appropriately compared to one who has a lantern, but who is too stingy to buy a candle; he stumbles about in the dark long after all his more sensible neighbors have lighted themselves home. Business men should ponder the truth contained in this paragraph.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. ADELIA C. GRAVES.

The world from her view was receding,
 Its pleasure, its pomp, its delight,
 And they passed by her vision, unheeding
 What once was so joyously bright.
 The past—not a thought shadow dwell on her brow
 Of the years that were over and gone,
 'Twas the misty, dim future enshrouding her now,
 And darkly its visions were drawn.

She turned to the loved one in sorrow,
 But, O! not so helpless was he,
 As the little one, doomed, on the morrow,
 No Mother's awaking to see,
 She could patiently suffer—aye, suffer and die,
 With fortitude heart, nor weep,
 But to leave him, alas! brought the tear to her eye,
 And the moan to her quivering lip.

"It is not that my life must pass
 In early youth away,
 Nor that so soon the springing grass
 Shall cover my cold clay;
 Nor that a painful, dread disease,
 With wasting torture, came,
 Or that my prayers for health and ease,
 So hopelessly I frame.

"Nor mourn I that the grave and shroud
 Await me but too soon—
 The coffin and the earthworms crowd,
 And ready to view—
 And yet, the grave—a dreary place,
 And filled with weeping throes,
 Which ever my undying soul will trace,
 Their long wanderings.

"Nor do I mourn that summer comes
 Which I shall never see,
 Or that a weed shall shortly bloom
 From dust that I shall be—
 Nor do I grieve to pass away,
 So speedily forgot,
 That ere 'tis hushed to sleep to day,
 I'll be remembered not.

"But 'tis—O! Holy Father—'tis
 To leave my loved ones here—
 To leave in my cup of life, dear,
 Their little heart with fear,
 To think my infant's laughing eyes
 Shall fill with pain and tears,
 And none shall heed my wailing cries,
 None soothe his tender fears.

"Write my now, young, stainless boy
 Shall howl with head at ease,
 And the heart, that once beat high with joy,
 Oppressed with sorrow here,
 And no fast Mother, hovering near,
 Cares up soothing care,
 Whispering with his tender ear,
 Her words, sweetly and true.

"To think another yet, may claim
 The place which I must leave—
 Thus the shadowy Mother's name,
 The Mother's heart—just shed
 And that my children, doubly
 I cannot bear, Father's love,
 Shall cast a shadowy place to see
 Aught provoke reproach.

"Such are the thoughts that rend my heart,
 With deepest agony,
 From this dear, precious ones to part,
 In helpless infancy,
 Of give me strength, great God, to bear
 This bitterness of death,
 To cast on thee, my love and care,
 When I resign my breath."

Source a twelve-month had passed ere another bride came,
 To the place that gem destined for her,
 And they called her—the Mother's dear name,
 But the Mother's heart—just shed
 And the picture that looked from the prior wall down,
 Once with loving eyes into mine,
 Now seemed to gaze sternly, eye, even to frown,
 Upbidding in silence for what he had done,
 So he turned it, and to the cold, cheerless wall,
 While the old one held all her own way,
 Meditated long on her primitive clay,
 Pity, then, for little ones, when the deep grave
 Awaits widely to shut from their view,
 The eyes and the heart that God ever gave,
 Whatever befalls, still filled and true!

Sagacity of a Dog.

An exchange relates a remarkable dog case, thus:
 Charleston Houston, a man well known on the Alabama river, but the last few years a resident of California, was killed by the explosion of a steamboat near San Francisco a few months since. A noble Newfoundland dog, owned by him, escaped injury, and dragged the body of his master to the shore. The dog was then sent home to the mother of the deceased residing in Perry county, Alabama. On being shown a daguerrotype of his lost master, the dog immediately recognized it, and commenced licking it, sending up the most piteous howls; since that time he has refused all food, and moans almost constantly. When last heard from he was in a dying condition, and is probably dead by this time.

Where in human history can be found such an instance of devoted love, and intense grief at the loss of a loved one.

A bill has been introduced into the legislature of North Carolina, to encourage and promote matrimony.—*Constitutionalist.*

No such bill is required about here—the ladies are so pretty.—*Telegraph.*

A bank bill is the only encouragement we need.
 The shortest way to raise money for any public purpose (says some cynical dog!) is to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms.

MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

The appearance of an authoress in our midst, naturally makes us all desirous to know something about her history.—We have, consequently, made inquiry; but the result has not been satisfactory. All we have been able to learn is what follows: Mrs. French, formerly Miss L. Virginia Smith, is a native of Accomack county, Virginia. At an early age she was sent to Washington, Pennsylvania, to be educated, under the care of her grandparents. With them she remained till she completed the course of her study prescribed at the female seminary of that place, and subsequently removed to Memphis where she and her sister engaged in school-teaching. The two were orphans, and in a land of strangers, but, amiable and accomplished, they soon won the confidence of those around them, and ever since have had troops of friends. Miss Smith soon commenced contributing occasional pieces to the Memphis press, under the signature of "L'Inconnue." When this name had attained some notoriety, she was persuaded by her friends to contribute several articles to one of the monthly magazines of Philadelphia. To this she finally consented, intending, of her contributions to the Philadelphia monthly had been well received, to adopt the congenial pursuits of literature as the business of her life.—In this, however, she was, for a time disappointed. The pieces were published, but did not attract the attention they deserved. Saddened and disheartened at what she regarded as a virtual rejection of her offering, she was about to turn away in despair from the seductive paths of poetry, when an excellent friend, who had been, since her residence in the West, her promoter and adviser, urged her to try *Bentley's*, of the Louisville Journal.

He at once became her patron and her friend. The columns of the *Journal* teemed with well-deserved tributes to the flashes of genius which she now and then gemmed the "Poet's Corner." Her contributions were at once invoked by three of the leading periodicals at the North, and from that good hour her literary fortune was made.

The appearance of "The Lost Louisiana" was the precursor of an event which no woman forgets. That poem was published in one of the New Orleans dailies. The newspapers were hawking the morning papers about the streets, and one of them eyed a stranger at leisure in front of the St. Charles. With that penetration for which the boys are remarkable, he divined the name of his customer, and commenced to read by name.—The title alone was enough to attract the stranger's attention, but, at midnight on the 14th of December, 1844, he had lost all his worldly possessions by a collision between that boat and the "Belle of Clarksville." The "Louisiana" heavily loaded with cotton, and bound for New Orleans, struck the "Belle of Clarksville" just forward of the wheel-house.—The hull of the latter boat went down, and with it all the passengers. The cabin, broken into two parts, floated down the river. The "Louisiana" immediately rounded to, for the relief of the demolished boat. One portion of the cabin was soon made fast to the river bank; but the other, heaved on by the rapidity of the stream, grounded on a sand-bar about six miles below. The stranger of whom we speak was on this portion of the wreck, and when taken off had neither hat, vest, nor gloves.—The poem entitled "The Lost Louisiana" was written to commemorate a subsequent disaster—one generally admitted to be the most awful that has occurred on the Western waters. The boat, however, was the same that had broken the fortune of the stranger to whom the newspaper now offered the poem. It was there, for ready bought and much admired.—"L'Inconnue," the signature under which the poem was written, made the stranger curious to know the writer: he accordingly cut out the poem, and put it in his pocket book.

Not long afterwards he was passenger on a steamer bound up the Mississippi; and during a few hours' delay at Memphis, went into a book-store for something to read during the remainder of the voyage. While there, a young lady

casually passed, to whom his attention was directed by a remark from one of the inmates. He stepped to the door, and seeing her engaged in conversation with two others accidentally met on the street, he saluted forth, passed the group and proceeded to the Gayosa House. Here he waited till the fair one passed by, and then following at a respectful distance, saw her go up a flight of steps and disappear. Something—he knew not what—convinced him he had seen L'Inconnue. The boat continued her voyage, but the stranger, with the poem of "The Lost Louisiana" in his pocket, was not a passenger. An introduction soon followed; the lady proved to be L'Inconnue, and the stranger afterwards became her husband.

After her marriage she removed to McMinnville, where she now resides. In her present position, we imagine that Mrs. French is surrounded with much that is congenial to the taste and habits of a poetess. Her residence, situated on a graceful eminence to the right of the main thoroughfare leading to the village, is surrounded by a grove of stately oaks, through which may be had a glimpse of the house and tastefully cultivated grounds surrounding it. On the east the waters of the Barren Fork approach within a stone's throw; while beyond, at a distance of three or four miles, runs the main chain of the Cumberland mountains. Taste, comfort, and picturesque scenery, conspire to make her residence what she calls it, a "Paradise Home." Here, our authoress is leading a retired, studious, and, we doubt not, a happy life.

QUAINT OLD SONG.

Ye who would save your features florid,
 Light flirts, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead—
 From Age's devastation horrid,
 Adopt this plan;
 'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
 A hale old man.
 Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
 Restrain the passions' lawless riot,
 Devoted to domestic quiet;
 Be wisely gay;
 So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
 Resist decay.
 Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure—
 But find your richest, purest treasure,
 In books, friends, music, polish'd leisure;
 The mind, not cents,
 Make the sole scale by which ye measure
 Opulence.
 This is the solace, this the science,
 Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
 That disappoints not man's reliance,
 What e'er his state—
 But challenges, with calm defiance,
 Time, fortune, fate.

Head-Ache and Heart-Ache.

A correspondent of Willis' Home Journal sends a valuable recipe, entitled as above, which, though doubtless often tried with the happiest effect, has never before been so formally (and postically) given to the world:
 I sat beside her, tete-a-tete—
 My arm around her flung—
 And listened to the sweetest words
 E'er dropped by mortal tongue.
 Oh, sweet it was—and yet so new
 Her maiden fear arose,
 She felt she needed some excuse
 For sitting quite so close.
 Shock by the strife 'twixt will and fear,
 She gave a sudden start,
 And cried, "My head! my aching head!"
 I cried, "My heart! my heart!"
 She laughed to hear my piteous tone,
 I smothered her art to see,
 And promised I would "doctor" her
 If she would "doctor" me.
 The harpish closed, with gentle touch
 I soothed her aching head!
 The tender word she gently spoke,
 My pain as quickly fled.
 O, might all heads by torture racked,
 Find antidote as sure,
 And all earth's surgical-tortured hearts
 Obtain as ready cure!

Mother—Where have you been, Charley?
 Boy—In the garden, ma.
 Mother—No; you have been swimming. You know how I cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair how wet it is.
 Boy—Oh, no ma, this is not water, it is sweat!
 Mother—Charley, I have caught you fibbing, your shirt is wrong side out!
 Boy, triumphant—Oh, I did that just now, ma, thinking the fence!

MARRIAGE.

Nature never did betray the soul that loved her; and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate,—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost forever—matrimony gives him ballast and the right impulse. War with nature, and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious.—Virtuous love, the honest love of a man for the woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart, something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live. And the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path; it makes life for her no day dream, no idle hour, no painted shadow, no passing show, but something real, earnest, worthy of her heart and head. But most of us are cowards, and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at nursery maids, and becomes a man about town whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead it gets a woman fretful, nervous, fanciful, and a plague to all around her. He becomes a sceptic in all virtue; a corruptor of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart.

He may rush from one folly to another, associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around, and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what become of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to support a wife, and the boys wickedly expend double the amount in low company. Hence it is, that all wise men (like Franklin) advocate early marriages, and that all our great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare-market, London, to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey we can't find had any income at all when they got married. We question whether Luther at any time had more than fifty pounds a year. We blast humanity in its very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence,—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at the far-table and all free-love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid the snare of marrying young, and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life—he is a blaze fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has

"No God, no heaven in the wide world!"

A YANKEE OURDONE.—There is a pleasant story about Sir Allen McNab. He was once travelling by steamer, and as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state-room with a certain full-blooded yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning, and when Sir Allen was dressing, he was astonished to behold his inquisitive companion make thorough researches into his (Sir Allen's) well furnished dressing case. Having completed his examination, he proceeded coolly to select the tooth-brush, and forthwith to bestow on his long, yellow fangs an industrious and energetic scrubbing.—Allen said not a word, but "kept up a deal of thinking." When Jonathan had concluded, the old Scotchman gravely finished washing himself, silently set the basin on the floor, soaped one foot well, and taking the tooth-brush, applied it vigorously to his toes and the nails.
 "You dirty fellow!" exclaimed the astonished Yankee, who had watched every motion, "what the mischief are you doing that for?"
 "Oh!" said Sir Allen, coolly, "that's the brush I always do that with!"